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OUT NEBRASKA WAY.

PUCK. — What's the matter with you? Why ain't you getting out your crops? Grain and corn are bringing big prices, and good times have come again.
FARMER WEEDLY (*Silver Fanatic*). — No, sir-ree! What's the use of raising crops for the gold bugs from Wall Street to eat up? Free Silver is the only thing that 'll save us!

PUCK

A DOUBLE LOSS.



WHEN RICHARD fell in love with Kate—
A maid who'd ne'er felt Cupid's
dart—
And sighed from early morn till
late,
His friends said, "Dick has lost
his heart."

And when his hand Kate did decline,
The lover wished that he were dead;
But still he worship'd at her shrine,
And friends said, "He has lost his head."

J. H. W.

THE BOY HAD AN IDEA.

The kid had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him.

"Oh, Freddy!" she exclaimed, horrified; "what will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?"

"Well, Mama," he replied, with a half smile, "I don't think I would like to repeat it before you."



AT THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

NEW ARRIVAL.—I should think it must be cold enough at night for blankets.

BOARDER.—That's what everybody thinks except the proprietor.

A TERROR TO EVIL-DOERS.

SINCE CAL. GREEN's bin made constabul,
Hay Corners ain't the same;
He's made the tavern rather dull,
An' no one dast shoot game

If out of season, fer he'll be
Somewheres around about—
And if he hain't, why, some way, he
Is sure to find it out.

He's had eight cases 'fore the 'Squire,
Of cows that got estray;
It makes the people mad as fire
When fines they has to pay;
An' road tax shirkers hate him wuss
Then pizen, don't you doubt,
He does n't mind how much they cuss
Because he finds 'em out.

New York's perleece, the papers say,
Is all demoralized.
They'll hear of our Cal. Green some
day—

I should n't be surprised
But what they'd ax us fer him yet,
To put their thugs to rout—
Cal. Green would shake up things, you
bet!

And find the rascals out.

R. L. M.

TIME AND MONEY.

MENTOR.—How much do you figure you owe?

DUCKETTS, JR.—Oh, when you talk about the national debt, I'm not in it, of course! but give me time.

APPARENTLY A NOVICE.

SHE.—Don't you think he is a good dentist?

HE.—I'm afraid he has n't had much experience. I knew I had two cavities in my teeth, and that's all he could find.



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A SMALL DEMAND.

LADY.—If I were a big, healthy man like you, I'd be ashamed to beg! Why don't you go to work?

WEARY WRAGGLES.—I would work, lady, but I can't get anything to do at my trade.

LADY.—Well, that is hard, poor fellow! What is your trade?

WEARY WRAGGLES.—I'm a bank president, lady.





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DISCOURAGING.

CLARA.—He is so obstinate.

MAUDE.—In what way?

CLARA.—It's the hardest thing in the world to convince him that I am always right.

NOT ALL OF A KIND.

NEW YORKER (*visiting over the bridge*).—Phew! Old man, those trolley gongs would drive me crazy! That's a dozen that have clanged by since I've been sitting here.

BROOKLYN (*readily*).—Now, that's just like you New Yorkers to jump at conclusions; half of those were ambulance gongs.



A SCALY TIME AHEAD.

FIRST LADY FISH.—I should be dreadfully mortified to get caught.

SECOND LADY FISH.—Yes, indeed! If there is one thing I am more sensitive about than another, it's my weight.

"WILL YOU marry me?"

"This is so sudden."

"Sudden?"

"Yes; I have n't had time to get jealous."

"OH, YES!" rejoined the Ostrich; "I

have tips on nearly all the races." Indeed, there were races which wore practically nothing else!

MRS. CARSON.—What in your opinion is the proper way to bring up children?

MRS. VOLSES.—Keep them down on all possible occasions.

"DO YOU laugh when you write a joke?" inquired his friend.

"No," replied the humorist; "but I smile when I sell one."

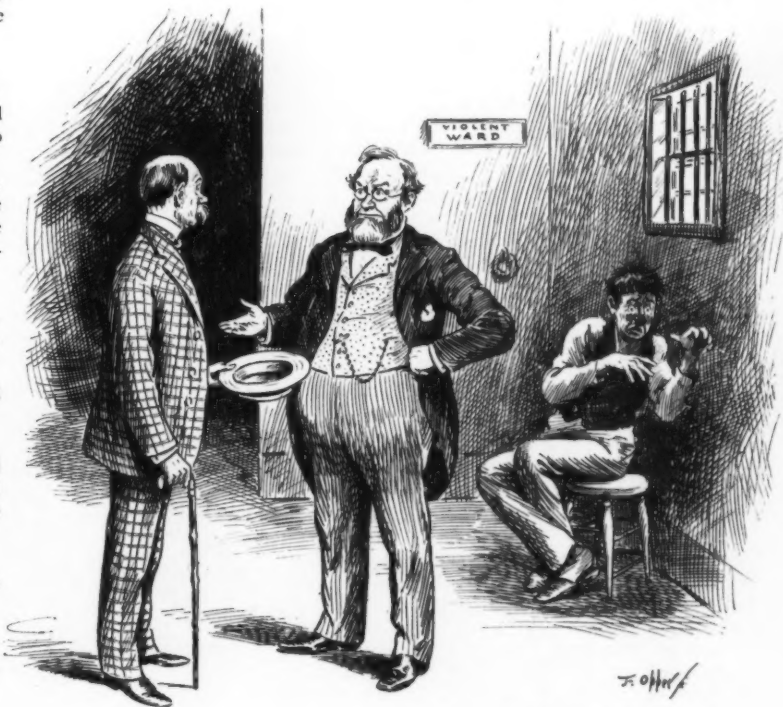
"OH, I DON'T mind it so much," said the sporty ex-banker, cheerfully, after the failure; "we had a run for our money, anyhow!"

IF THE steak could jump out of the frying-pan into the fire it would be greatly improved.

TOO LONG A GOOD TIME.

MR. DE WITT.—Ah! Youth is the thing. The time for a man to enjoy life is between eighteen and thirty.

KITTY.—Oh, my! don't you think he ought to marry before thirty?



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AT THE ASYLUM.

DOCTOR.—Your friend is a bad case. I'm afraid we can't cure him.

PATIENT'S FRIEND.—Can't do anything for him, eh?

DOCTOR.—I won't say that. By careful treatment we might be able to reduce the size of the snakes.



STRAY NOTES AND COMMENTS ON HIS SIMPLE LIFE.

II.

EARLY STAGES OF THE BLOOMER FEVER.

FOR SEVERAL weeks this Spring I was a hay-widower. I take this term to be the masculine equivalent of "grass-widow" as applied to a member of a matrimonial firm temporarily parted from the rest of the household, and leading a separate but not wholly independent existence. By whatever name you choose to call my state, I was certainly, for the time being, quite bereft of family ties. Mrs. Sage and the children and the children's nurse were all visiting Mrs. Sage's family to foregather with an elderly uncle who had just returned from India in a state of sickening and offensive affluence. Personally, I do not believe that he will ever pan out one cent's worth; but that is neither here nor there. The domestic staff had been allowed a vacation, all except Bartholomew. Bartholomew is our man — or, at least, as near to the man as we have yet got. New-comers in the town speak of him as a boy, until they get into suburban ways, and learn that that is not polite either to him or to his employer. Bartholomew remained to guard



the house, and in this occupation he took great pride and pleasure, for it gave him a good excuse for sleeping with his grandfather's old percussion-cap shot-gun by his bedside, so that he could be able to repel burglars at a moment's notice. You might have abstracted seventeen steel safes from the house without awakening Bartholomew, and no earthly power could ever have made that gun go off; but Bartholomew slept proud and happy all the same.

I made no use of my lonely mansion, except to go there to do my work, which is the writing of such things as this. I had no need to dwell within its silent walls. The lot of a hay-widower in a suburban town is not unhappy by any means; in fact, his condition makes him a valuable member of society. He may be invited to dinner without his wife — and every housekeeper knows what that means. It is one thing to invite the unobservant male animal to take pot-luck with you, and it is quite another to subject the every-day fatigue-dress style of your domestic economy to the keen and critical feminine eye. So it came about that I got not only dinner invitations, but bids to stay a week at this house and a week at that, and I made quite a picnic of my desolation and abandonment.

Now, when I say I am going to give you an abstract of a study in feminine ethics, which I made under the roof of my good friend, Biddleby, I want you to understand that I am violating no confidence imposed upon me by the generous hospitality which I enjoyed. I make this statement with Mrs. Biddleby's full consent and permission.

I am fond of making studies of feminine methods of marital management. I know, of course, that I, myself, am managed at home; but I do not know just how it is done, and I am not likely to be let to know. But while the process of management is generally imperceptible to the husband who is being managed, it is often quite clearly visible to the casual onlooker; and it amuses me greatly to see the manipulation of my fellows. Whatever I may think of myself, I can smile a superior smile at their weakness and blindness. I will now proceed to my brief statement, which is based partly upon what I observed, and partly upon what Mrs. Biddleby afterward told me.

It happened one day as, in going to my room, I passed by the door of Mrs. Biddleby's sewing-room, the draught of an open window blew

against my feet three or four pieces of light-brown tissue paper cut into curious shapes, and perforated with many little round holes. Seeing that there was nobody around to take charge of them, I carried them into the sewing-room and looked for something heavy to lay on them. The only thing I found was a huge pamphlet that lay open on a chair. I could not help noticing that the open pages showed a number of designs for a garment then coming noticeably into general use, but still regarded in conservative feminine circles with a certain degree of distrust and even disfavor. I need not say that I got out of the room quickly and quietly; and that I tried not to consider the remarkable likeness in shape between the pieces of paper I had gathered up and certain dotted designs on the paper under my eye. I knew, of course, that Mrs. Biddleby was taking bicycle lessons.

The next day I brought the Biddleby mail home with my own when I came home from the post-office, and it consisted principally of bulky envelopes bearing the names of New York dry-goods houses. I have been so long married that it would be idle to deny that I knew that they contained samples of dress goods. I also knew that Mrs. Biddleby had recently expressed her satisfaction with having got done with the dressmakers, for that season, at least.

It was some two or three days after this, that as I was going from my house to Biddleby's, I encountered Mrs. Biddleby and three of her friends practicing bicycle riding on a smooth stretch of macadam road. They had evidently got beyond the care of their tutor, but they were still taking turns at practice work on a hired bicycle. I joined them, for they were evidently quite past the nervous state, and I sat with those who were not riding, on a low stone wall, and watched the rider on the wheel exhibit her newly acquired skill. Mrs. Biddleby was easily the cleverest and most self-possessed rider of them all, and I was somewhat surprised when she dismounted and sat down beside us, and said in an almost petulant tone:

"Well, I declare, I really don't know what I am going to do about it! I am afraid I shall have to give the whole thing up. I certainly can't attempt to ride if my skirt keeps catching the way it does."

I had not observed that her skirt had caught, and I was just exactly fool enough to tell her so.

"Oh, well, you could n't have noticed, or perhaps you're just saying so out of kindness, but I came near having a terrible fall twice on my way up the road and once coming down; and I'm sure I've ripped every bit of binding off on this side. Look there!" and she pointed to where nearly three-quarters of an inch of braid had fetched loose.

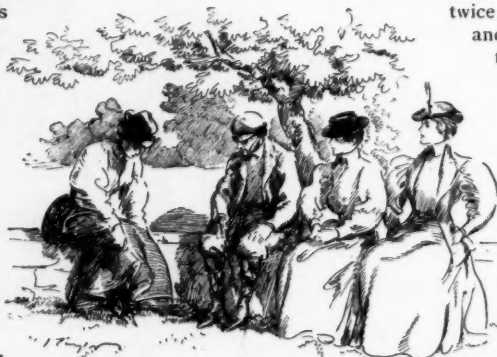
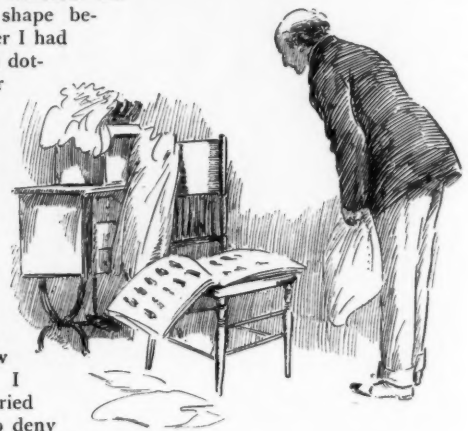
"Skirts are a perfect misery, anyway," said Miss Applegate, the next best rider in the quartette; and she turned to me, and added, audaciously: "I do sometimes wish that women could dress the way you men do —"

"I agree with you entirely," said Mrs. Biddleby. "And, do you know, when I was down on the River Road the other day and saw one of those women coming along with bloomers on, I almost envied the vulgar thing, she looked so easy and comfortable."

"Oh, Milly! how can you say so?" cried another of the ladies; but a fourth came to Mrs. Biddleby's assistance.

"Well, I saw her, too; and, do you know, I was thinking the very same thing. And, really, Mrs. Biddleby, to tell you the truth, I did n't think she looked vulgar a bit."

"Well, I don't know as I ought to have called her exactly vulgar,"



Mrs. Biddleby amended; "but, of course, you know it does look a little — how shall I call it? — unconventional."

Then all the four ladies held a little autopsy on the word, and decided that the English language did n't furnish anything suitable. So they had recourse to French and called it *outré*.

"Well, I don't care," said Mrs. Biddleby, summing up; "I think we're all of us too much slaves to fashion, and I am sure if I thought I could look half as well in them as that woman did, I should wear them, whatever people might say."

Encouraged by this bold stand, the lady who had been so shocked at first said that she thought so, too, and she had all along.

Then I put my foot into it again. I said:

"If your skirts catch, why could n't you make them a little shorter?"

Mrs. Biddleby turned on me in a very pretty flame of indignation, and exhibited her skirt, which was so high that it absolutely exposed a small sample of her ankle; and she said:

"There, you would n't have me wear any shorter skirt than that, would you? Why, it's positively indecent, as it is. No; of course you men don't know about such things; but I can tell you that a woman takes her life in her hands every time that she goes on a bicycle with a skirt on."

Mrs. Biddleby had made her husband promise to buy her a machine as soon as she had learned to ride really well; but Biddleby, for a reason which I will mention later on, was quite cool about the project. Therefore, it devolved upon Mrs. Biddleby to bring up the topic every day, so as to keep him informed of her progress. Hitherto her reports had been cheerful and encouraging; but this evening I noticed that she dwelt at great length on the bruises and sprains she had suffered when she fell, in consequence of catching her skirt in the sprocket. The next morning at breakfast, she was so lame that she could hardly move, and very low in her mind. She told Biddleby that he was n't sorry enough for her. He said yes, he was, and suggested arnica. She explained that she suffered principally in her mind, because she feared she would have to give up riding, just as she was doing so well. Biddleby

said just what I said about the skirts, and got just what I got. Then the lady hooked her fish.

"Well," said Biddleby, as he got up to take the train, "if that's the case, I don't see what you can do about it, my dear, unless you get a pair of those two-legged thingumajiggers — what do you call them?"

"Oh, Henry!" cried his wife, in tones of horror; "you would n't have me wear bloomers!"

"Better than breaking your neck, I should think," said Henry, absent-mindedly, as he went out of the door.

The next day it rained, and the day after that. The third day, however, was fair, and, as soon as the bicycle lessons began, I joined the ladies. They had not reached the ground more than two minutes in advance of me, but, as soon as I came up I heard Mrs. Biddleby saying:

"Do you know, my dear, I really don't know what I *shall* do. Henry is absolutely set on the idea of my wearing bloomers, and you know how determined he is when he gets an idea into his head. Why, only day before yesterday he said to me, as he was going to the train: 'My dear, it is simply a case involving life and death, and you should not let any other considerations outweigh that!'"

I lingered with them only four or five minutes; but before I left, the three other dear humbugs had banded themselves together to wear bloomers, just by way of giving moral support to Mrs. Biddleby.

But that is not quite all. Here is Biddleby's reason for looking coldly on the bicycle project, as stated to me when the lessons first began.

"I'd be more than glad to get my wife a bicycle if it was n't that I've heard so much about accidents that happen to women riding in long dresses; and, of course, there's no consideration on the face of the earth that would make Mrs. Biddleby put on one of those sensible Zouave trouser rigs — what do they call them, now? — Bloomers? Oh, yes! that's the name."



A COMMENTARY.



IMPERIOUS CÆSAR, dead and turned to clay," —
You know the rest in Shakspeare's lucid style —
"Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;"
I've pondered o'er that statement quite awhile.

Did William turn sarcastic as he wrote,
And drop poor Julius with a sickening thud?
He may have called J. C. a brick, you'll note,
Or may have hinted that his name was *Mud*.

Roe L. Hendrick.

A NEW FORM.

THE MANAGER. — Well, it's about time that sickness broke out in Redink's family.

THE CASHIER. — Oh, I don't know! He has n't mentioned base-ball this year.

THE MANAGER. — Yes; but he's bought a bicycle.

THE WIND'S MISSION.

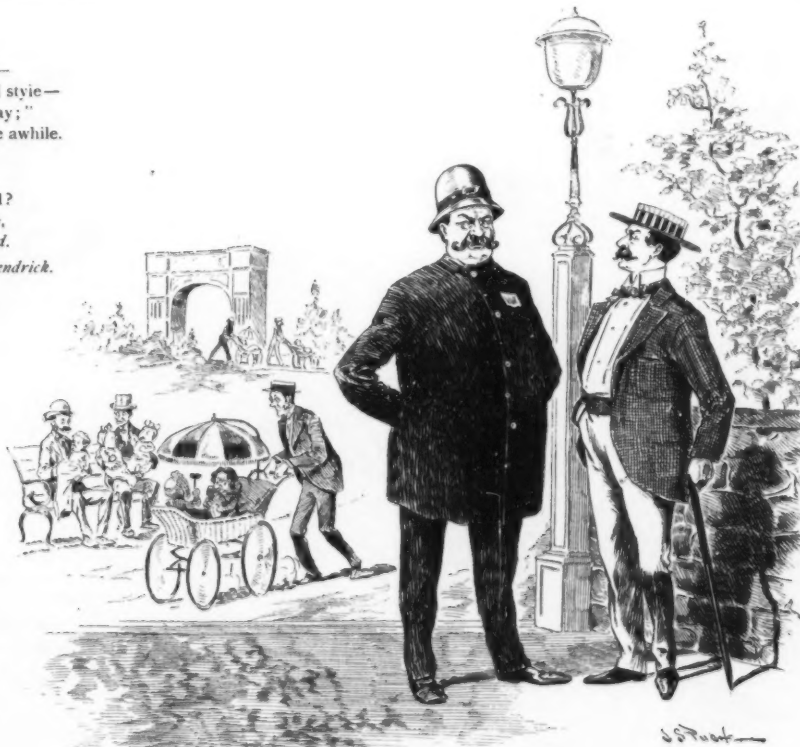
The wind is fairy music
That rustles in the tree
To keep the shadows dancing
Upon the grassy sea.

THESE ARE the days when the Summer girl is laying in a supply of powder for the Summer campaign.

WOMEN WHO marry in haste generally repent at the kind of leisure which accompanies the scrubbing of dirt out of cloth fabrics.

IT IS hard to realize that time flies in a dentist's chair.

THE OPTIMIST who sees nothing but sunshine will not wantonly lend his umbrella to a stranger.



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BROOKLYN NURSES.

FRIEND (to Prospect Park POLICEMAN). — How do you like it over here in Brooklyn?

POLICEMAN. — It's tough! I don't like the nurse girls.



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UNDOUBTEDLY BAD.

TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—I presume that the horse-thief whom the Reform Committee lynched last night was a very bad man?

ALKALI IKE.—Wal, in most ways he was a very bad man, and in others he was damned bad.

A. SUBSTANTIAL GRIEVANCE.

TOM.—I think I ought to sue Jenkins for alienating the affections of Miss Goldbug.

JACK.—Why, you are not married to her, are you?

TOM.—No; but I would be if he had n't come between us.

“[IF THERE are holes in your clothes, why don't you kick to your wife?”
“Least said soonest mended.”



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“GETTING HIS IRISH UP.”

WITHOUT PEERS IN THEIR LINE.

FIRST MANAGER.—So you've re-engaged Biggs and Boggs for two more weeks. They are the yellowest pair of bum song-and-dance men in the biz! How can your patrons stand 'em?

SECOND MANAGER (*continuous performance*).—That's just it. They can't stand 'em. So I run 'em in every two hours, and chase the stayers. See?

ON SEA OR SHORE.

She dives, she floats with zest
On the highest breaker's crest;
The Summer Girl is right in
the whirl—
And she likes “high rollers”
best.



A NEW SPECIES.

BOSTONIAN.—The average
Bostonian—

NEW YORKER.—I beg your
pardon! I thought they were all
above the average.

HIS METHOD.

EMPLOYER.—How did your brother clear himself of the charge?

NURSE GIRL.—Sure, I think it's a lullaby they do call it, he proved.



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DISTINGUISHED.

FATHER (*in disgust*).—You are always the last boy in your class. Why don't you make an effort and distinguish yourself?

SON.—Distinguish myself? Why, Father, everybody knows I am the dumbest boy in school!

THE TIME WHEN.

The tailor knew the young man who was looking over the samples.

“What's the price of that?” said the customer, picking up the best thing in the lot.

“Seventy-five dollars.”

The young man snapped it through his fingers as if mentally calculating.

“Well,” he asked, “if I order it now when can I get it?”

“When you pay for it!” responded the tailor with a confidence that almost unbalanced the young man.

HIX.—That's old Newriche. Enjoying himself tremendously, isn't he?

DIX (*disgustedly*).—Why, man, he's full.

HIX.—Yes; that's why he's enjoying himself. It's the only time he can forget his newly found dignity.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A SACRIFICE TO STYLE.

JUNE HAS GONE; July is going, and August is near at hand; and yet the great verandahs of the seaside hotels look bare and empty. There are people on them, to be sure—a good many people, indeed, if you try to count them up; but they are not as many, numerically, as were there a year ago; and individually they do not seem to take up as much room. There is the usual contingent of invalids who lounge all day in long chairs, closely muffled up from the breezes that are supposed to bring them health and strength; and there are groups of modest people from the seacoast cities who have been tempted to the great caravansary by the offer of “reduced rates for this month only,”—people who show in their retiring aspect that they are somewhat embarrassed by having been bestowed in better quarters than they spoke for. The womenkind of the wealthy Westerner are there, of course, on their annual Eastern pilgrimage to the shore of the unfamiliar ocean which they never can learn to like. There are young men there, too— young men who pay no board, but who must never be too tired or too busy to play tennis with the women, or billiards with the men among the genuine patrons of the hotel. But where is the great, glowing, animated multi-colored, surging, chattering, laughing flood of humanity that formerly swept back and forth over these great floor-spaces; eddied up and down the broad approaches, and made the broad lawns brighter than their beds of brilliant flowers and gold and crimson foliage plants? Where, indeed? Ask the hotel-keeper with the broken heart!

Let us go and seek him in his office. As we pass through the vast public hall of the hotel, we observe the usual army of colored attendants, posed along the walls in attitudes of instinctive African grace. We need not fear to intrude upon the hotel-proprietor in a busy hour. He sits at his desk looking over a great pile of journals of the hotel business; many of them from Europe. As he goes through them, his forefinger slips mechanically down a hotel register of a former year; and every now and then his eye travels sadly from some cheap-looking printed list to the pages of the fat and solid record that was his heart's pride some years ago.

“Where are they?” he repeats, bitterly, in echo of our question; “where are they? Why, chased away—that’s where they are—chased away by Fol-de-rol! Some people call it Fashion, but I call it Fol-de-rol. Here I am, losing money hand-over-fist, and nourishing waiters in idleness, just because a lot of fool women got it into their heads that all they came to the seashore for was to change their clothes nineteen times a day, and never wear the same dress twice. Oh, I won’t pretend that I knew any better myself! I thought it was mighty fine while it was going on. When I saw my ladies piling on three dresses in the morning and four in the afternoon, and I noticed that they were at least two changes ahead of any hotel girls on the coast, I used to strut around as proud as an Indian with a new silk hat and a brass watch-chain. And when the fight became so hot that they got to sending twice a week to the swell New York dressmakers and tailors for wash-dresses that a laundress could n’t have done up if she’d known how to wash miracles; and that went limp as dish-rags after two hours of sea fog,—why, I thought my fortune was made. Oh, I was a happy fool! I never thought of what would happen when they got back to New York and the bills came in, and the old man came to the front and spoke his piece. But, oh, my! has n’t he spoken it? You want to know where my pretty ladies are who made things look so nicely last Summer? Well, they’re up in farmhouses in New Hampshire, eating cold-boiled potatoes and pie for breakfast. They’re staying with their country cousins, and working out their board with piano and French lessons. They’re staying in New York in the back rooms of their houses, with the front door boarded up, and driving around in Central Park hacks by way of recreation and exercise, in the evenings. The real knowing ones are doing Europe on the cheap, and pretending it’s Popper’s gout. As to those clothes of theirs—what they have n’t sold back, they’re wearing out. And all I hope is that they’ll have to keep on wearing them out till I get my rent paid; and I guess that will make them as sick of Fol-de-rol as I am now.”

The hotel-keeper has stated the case forcibly but accurately. The absurd and ruinous extravagance in dress, in petty dissipation and in general ostentation and self-exhibition, that has been growing and spreading in American Summer hotels for a number of years, has at last come, if not to a natural end, at least to a breakdown from which no immediate recovery seems probable. The attempt of vulgar pretenders to fashionable leadership to pervert this simple, wholesome, sociable and restful Summer life into a season of costly and unsuitable display has had its time of success, and now the re-action has come. The over-burdened husbands and fathers who have paid for the silly freak are now forced to impose upon their spoiled wives and children a policy of rigorous economy that involves a temporary retirement from the world of warm-weather gayety. Perhaps, on quiet, back-country farms, in darkened city rooms, or in dull family hotels, in poky little Swiss or French villages, these ladies may find out that a Summer vacation may be pleasantly spent without handing over the family finances to the control of the dressmaker and the man-milliner; and when they come back next Summer to the big verandahed hotel by the pleasant sea, they will conduct themselves so as not again to be exiled from it. But one thing we are very much afraid of: the old proprietor won’t be there to profit by their new-found wisdom.

HEATED ARGUERS.

“Was it hot where you spent your Summer?”
“Hot? You bet it was hot! About half the guests were free silver fiends who spent their time trying to make converts.”

A SOOTHING PROCESS.

“Gazzam is one candidate I am going to scratch,” said Timberwheels to Tillinghast.
“Why?”
“I want to soothe his itch for office.”

GOING HIM ONE BETTER.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (*fingering a razor*).—U’m! Like to know whar yo’ got dat full house so pat?
SHINBONE WASHINGTON (*drawing a gun*).—Razzors won’ tell, yo’ fool nigger!

THE SUMMER GIRL serenely angles
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
And lands her fishes on a hooklet
That has to it attached a spoon.



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DISCOURAGING.

MR. TOWNLY.—So you have given up farming?
MR. GENTLEMAN ACRES.—Yes; you see we lived so far from the market we could n’t get our eggs or butter or vegetables, or anything of that sort fresh.



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CAUSE AND EFFECT
DAME FASHION'S FOOLISH AND EXPENSIVE RULES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INCREASING

UCK.



Ehrhart

AND EFFECT.

THE INCREASING EXODUS TO EUROPE AND THE EMPTY SUMMER HOTELS IN AMERICA.

PUCK.

LITTLE WALDO BACKBAY, FROM BOSTON.

AND HOW HE DISPLAYED GREAT KNOWLEDGE, BUT DID N'T GET POPULAR, DURING HIS VACATION 'IN THE COUNTRY.

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MONDAY.—LITTLE WALDO (*just arrived*).—What! Are you boys playing Indians and Cowboys? The Indian of romance is practically extinct, and the Cowboy, as a Western type, has almost entirely disappeared.



TUESDAY.—"I am surprised, boys, to see that you are so ignorant of the science of modern warfare:—don't you know that those tactics have been obsolete, in the armies of the world, for the last thirty years?"



WEDNESDAY.—"William Tell and the Apple, eh? Why, modern research has proved that story to be purely mythical, and that no such person as Tell ever existed!"



THURSDAY.—"It is perfectly absurd, boys, for you to play at hunting buffalos. I thought everyone knew that the American bison has been utterly exterminated, with the exception of a few hundred belonging to the Government, in Yellowstone Park."



FRIDAY.—"My dear little girls, you should n't sing 'King William Was King James's Son.'—It is a well-known historical fact that King James's son was James Francis Edward Stuart, known as the Pretender!"



SATURDAY.—Chorus of boys and girls—"Give it to him, Billy, for spoiling our fun! He says he's going to be a school-teacher, anyway, when he grows up!"

THE SMOKE'S SHADOW.

(A Boy's Thought.)



THE SHADOW of the chimney
Is lying on the hill,
The dark smoke 's from it curling
And rippling like a rill.

It wanders o'er the daisies
That in the breezes bow,
Until along the clover
It 's eaten by the cow.

R. K. M.

A BORN DIPLOMAT.

Charley was caught napping on the porch of the Summer resort. A pair of soft, little hands covered his eyes, and a sweet voice commanded: "Guess who it is."

Nothing very dreadful for Charley in this you think; but, then, you don't know that Charley was engaged to two girls, and, for the life of him, could n't decide which voice it was, which made it a very embarrassing situation for Charley. A wrong guess would lead to complications awful to think of. But a happy thought inspired Charley, and he announced: "It 's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world."

"Oh, you lovely boy!" gurgled the satisfied one, as she removed her hands.

And now Charley thinks of applying for a foreign ministry, feeling that his talents would be wasted in any other than a diplomatic field.

TO MAKE a newspaper picture of a man, it is only necessary to know what sort of beard he wears, if any, and whether he has any hair on top of his head.



NATURE'S PROVISION.

Hair Brushes are unknown in Central Africa, but Nature provides a good substitute.

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HOW TO TELL A HUMOROUS STORY.

(With an example worked out.)



SELECT THE subject of your experiment from the older files of the chosen periodical, and, if possible, ascertain the point of the anecdote, and fix this in mind as securely as the beginning.

Await an opening in the conversation in preference to contending with another and more vociferous wag in a trial of lung-power.

"That reminds me" is a safe opening, if played boldly, and should be followed by a rigorous cross-examination of your audience, as to whether they have ever heard your as-yet-unrelated-and-unrecognizable story. Take the auditors in turn, and then proceed, thus:

"Say, Brown, you remember that old yarn about the Irishman and the village-constable? You don't? Oh, you can't have forgotten it. Really, now, I don't want to inflict a chestnut on the crowd.

Jones, you know it, anyway; of course you do!

You know all those Irish jokes. It is a kind of a bull, you know.

"How does it go? Give me a starter, some of you fellows. It was down Limerick way—or, no—I guess it was a Dublin man; was n't it, Robinson? Hold on, now, it was n't an Irishman, at all; it was a canny Scot, I think, and the village-constable—do they have constables in Scotland? May be it was a bailiff;—no, that's another story. This was about the undertaker and the Scotch dominie. Now I've got it straight. But you don't care to hear it—it's as old as the hills; but I thought it was funny, anyhow. This dominie, you know, was trying to settle with the undertaker—that is, with the sexton, you see. And he thought—that is, the dominie thought that the sexton was charging too much for digging

his grave—not the dominie's grave, but one of his parishioner's graves. No, I don't mean that; of course a man would n't have but one grave. And he said it was unreasonable; only it ought to be told in dialect—"onreasonable"—hang it! I can't give the Scotch brogue. You ought to hear Smith tell it. 'It's mighty onreasonable,' says he—the dominie says. And the bailiff—that is, the sexton, of course, says, 'No one ever complained of it,' says he. 'Well,' says the other, the dominie, 'well, mon,' says he, 'I complain of it now,' says he, 'and before I'd pay it—before I'd pay a bawbee for my grave,' says he, 'I'd'—no; that's not the way of it. But, anyway, the point of it was that, 'I'd see myself dead and buried before you'd get anything for digging my grave,' says he; 'and not another living parishioner of mine shall you bury,' says he. And then the sexton, one of these dry sort—I mean, that dry sort of Scotchman, he spoke up and says, 'I'll never bury a living soul at one bawbee the less—no,' says he, 'not if I drive them a' to the creamery—though it's a burning shame to deny any body Christian burial.'"

Then pound the nearest auditor and ask him why he does n't laugh.



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A SUMMER MATTER.

"Henry," she cooed, "have you ever been engaged before?"

"Why," he asked, surprised: "you don't think this is the first vacation I ever had, do you?"

A GOOD NAME.

KITTY.—Why do they call it "Ocean Bluff House?"

TOM.—Because it makes a bluff at being on the ocean.

NO DOUBT SHE TOOK IT.

"Jones's wife is kicking about the milk again," said the dairyman's assistant.

"That's all right," replied the chief;

"I'll go around there myself to-morrow and make her take water."

VERY LIKELY.

"How thet dog do bark!" said Auntie Humsted, who had run down from Reubenville to pay a visit to her Fifth Avenue cousins. "Lands sakes! I guess there must be somebody going by."

PRELIMINARY PRACTICE.

LEA (*sadly*).—I don't know what to do with that son of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class.

PERRINS (*promptly*).—Make a chiropodist of him.

WOULD N'T LIKE THAT.

KITTY.—I'd give anything if I could play the piano like Fraulein Aus-der-Hohay. There is n't a man living who can come anyway near her.

TOM.—Oh, well; that would n't suit you, you know.

DIFFICULT PART OF THE COURSE.

"Miss Keedick is taking the first course in the Female College of Journalism. It will last three months."

"What is the scope of the first course?"

"Learning to sharpen a lead-pencil."



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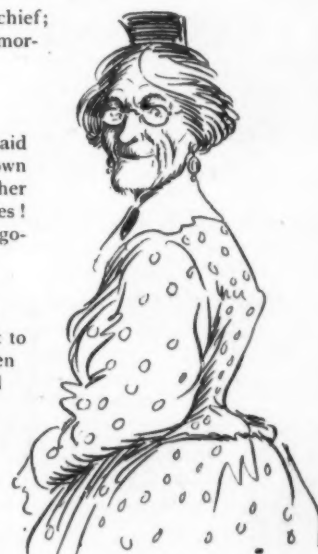
A CHANCE FOR HIM.

JACOB LEVI.—Dot is your shrone on fire, ain't it, Solomon?

SOLOMON SOLOMONS (*absently*).—Sure! and I have only been here drie weeks. I tid not egspect it so soon.

JACOB LEVI.—Vill you vin or lose?

SOLOMON SOLOMONS (*still absently*).—I tondt know yet! If it is a dotal loss, I vin.



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IN SOME DOUBT.
PASSER.—What's going on in that hall?

POLICEMAN.—Well, there's a lot of long-haired men and short-haired wo-



men there; but I don't know whether it's a suffrage association or an athletic club.—*New York Weekly.*

FOR BEAUTY

For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

CONVINCING.

BIZLAB.—Is there any evidence of insanity ever having been in Mazjig's family?

BILZER.—Oh, yes; you know his brother used to collect postage stamps.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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A FORTUNATE WOMAN.

HE.—There goes Rhymer, the famous poet. His wife must have a great deal of pin money.

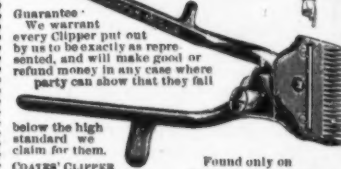
HE.—What makes you think so?

SHE.—Why, they say he gives her all the money he saves by not having his hair cut!

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Barber Clipper!

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PROSPERITY has a way of going about in disguise in order that everybody may not fall in love with her.—*West Union Gazette.*

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LOVING Art for Art's sake is not greatly unlike loving Pie for Pie's sake.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Doing right does n't come as hard as getting credit for it.—*Atchison Globe*.

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A CASE IN POINT.

"Do you think that an indifference to popular opinion will make a man great?" she inquired.

"I don't know," he answered, thoughtfully. "Would you call a base-ball umpire a great man?"—*Washington Star*.

AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

BOARDER.—What's that noise out there? Somebody beating a carpet?

LANDLADY'S HUSBAND.—No; it's Jones trying to beat his board bill, and my wife is on to him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GRANDFATHER.—Yes, in my young days we had no gold watches. We had to tell the time by a sundial.

GRANDSON (fingering his watchless chain).—How much could you get on a sun-dial, Grandpop?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne has no equal for table use. Keep a few bottles in your ice chest.

WHEN some people smile they do it in a way that makes you think it hurts them, and you feel better when they quit.—*Ram's Horn*.

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Upside down.
Drink it all.
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NOT REMARKABLE.

MRS. MCSPRATT.—Is n't it remarkable how many mysterious disappearances there are?

MR. MCSPRATT.—Oh, I dunno. Most of 'em are married.—*New York Weekly*.

Flavor all your cold drinks with twenty drops of Angostura Bitters.
Dr. Siegert's the only genuine.

INTERRUPTED.

C. GARRETT BUTTS.—I never saw the wood—

EVERETT WREST.—Well, don't I know that?

C. GARRETT BUTTS.—As I was goin' to say, I never saw the woods lookin' so durn dry an' parched up in all me life.—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Natural domestic Champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

SURE TO HIT IT.

"You can always guess a woman's age if she'll give you three guesses," remarked Sinnick.

"I don't believe it." "It's true, though. It's bound to be sixteen, twenty-six or sixty."—*Washington Post*.

You can't make us believe that a fat man is overworked.—*Atchison Globe*.

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NOT AN EASY ONE.

PATIENT.—I suppose there are still a great many unsolved problems in medicine, Doctor?
DOCTOR.—Yes. For instance, there is the question why sick people are called patients.

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OPIUM

What it Reminded Him Of.
The boy stood on the burning deck,
And said, "As I'm alive,
This weather makes me think of June
In 1895!"
—*Washington Post*.

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Can I afford to use it?

Yes; you can't afford not to; but that is not the reason for using it.

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NO MAN or woman ever became positively popular by taking an active interest in the business affairs of other people. — *West Union Gazette.*

"MISS WHEELER was arrested."
"What for?"
"No bell on her bike."
"What did she do?"
"Wrung her hands."
— *Yale Record.*

Will those women who are compiling a woman's bible, also insist upon having a herbook instead of a hymnbook. — *Norristown Herald.*

PHYSICIAN (examining patient).—You're a high-liver.
PATIENT.—What would you take for it?
PHYSICIAN.—Take less and considerable of it. — *Adams Freeman.*

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"SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "kin whistle jes' ernuf ter make dah neighbors mis'ble, an' not ernuf ter stop a street-cah. — *Washington Post.*


PSYCHIC TERRORS.

The sight of a garden patch and a hoe has been known to give a boy a severe case of rheumatism. — *Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

WHEN the devil don't know just what to do in a church, he generally raises a disturbance in the choir. — *Rum's Horn.*

A MAN and wife were formerly one. The new idea is to make them two men. — *Albion Globe.*

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A WINNER.
"Who tuk de prize at de fancy ball, Miss Lindy?"
"Lizy Ann Jones. She had de sleeves ob her dress made laik watahmillions." — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

"De man," said Uncle Eben, "dat fin's his lebbel in life, high or low, am er success. It am only de misfit dat rel'y fails." — *Washington Star.*

THE wisdom of this age is n't bound up in any man, notwithstanding the impression some of us try to create. — *Adams Freeman.*

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IT IS FINISHED.
The graduate may now calmly step aside and wait for the world to catch up. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PRISONER.—I want to get out of here bad.
JAILER.—That's the way you came in. What we want is for you to get out of here good. — *Norristown Herald.*

JAGGS.—What sort of a dinner was that Jison tendered?
SNAGGS.—Very good, except the steak; he overlooked that. — *Adams Freeman.*

A WOMAN's judgement is liable to scatter. — *Detroit Free Press.*

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A PRECAUTIONS YOUTH.

FATHER (coming unexpectedly upon the scene).—Ah! Just as I thought! In swimming on Sunday.
BOY (putting on a bold front).—I fell in, Dad.
FATHER (angrily).—Don't lie to me! You've got your clothes off.
BOY.—Well; you would n't have wanted me to fall in this muddy water with my Sunday clothes on, would you?

IN late weddings there seems to be a ratio between millions and love, but we are unable to figure it out. — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

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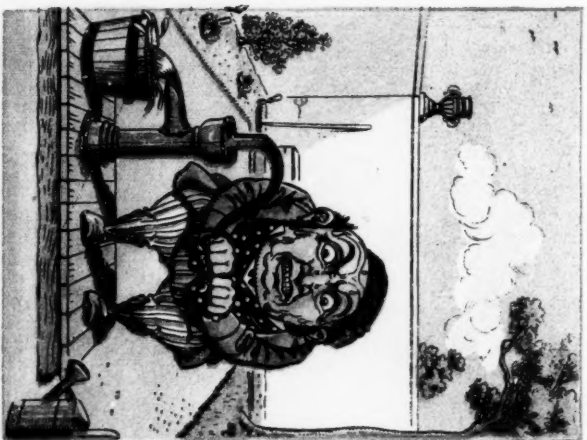




CLARA.—Yes, George, dear, Papa has forbidden you the house, I know; but how much more romantic it is to meet here where none can see or separate us.



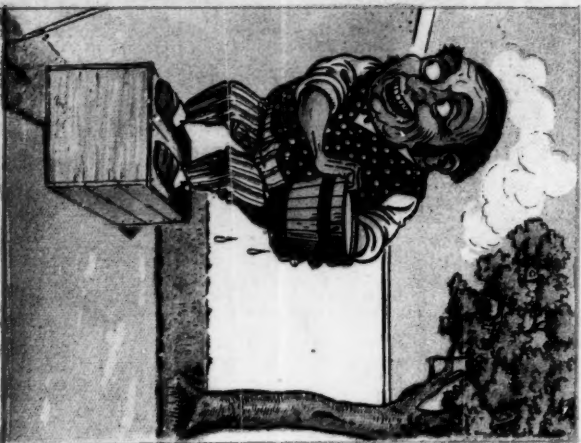
PAPA.—"Where none can see or separate us!" Oh, isn't that rich? We'll just see about the see and separation business!



"I'll find out whether I have the power to say if my daughter shall marry a penniless, good-for-nothing dude or not. Oh, I'll teach them a lesson, I will!"



"Oh, say! This is too rich for anything! Talk about dampening the fires of Love! Now just watch me."



"Now, just let me have one more look at my victim before I soak him."



GEORGE.—Yes, darling; it is an important document—my uncle's will—he makes me heir to his entire estate.



PAPA.—Why, good afternoon, young man: Good afternoon! I heard your voices and just thought I'd see who it was. Glad to see you! Excuse my wet hand. I've been watering the garden.



"Certainly I did n't mean it. I was only putting you to a test when I forbid you my house. Take my blessing, my children, and be happy!"

SAVED; OR, WHY PAPA CHANGED HIS MIND.